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The Mileage of Man

Elasticity of the Mind Makes for Longevity and Success in Life.

Where horses race the course is made smooth, ground is soft, distance is not long.

Not so with that other race course, HUMAN LIFE. The big picture here shows the course we all must travel, round and round, before we reach the winning post, the place worth while.

This is a particularly good cartoon because of the comparison with a little picture below, which shows how the automobile tire manufacturer, on top of his factory, tries out and tests thoroughly the tire that he will sell to the public.

Among average human beings, all with few exceptions that have reached middle life can see in this picture the road that they have traveled. The rough places, the swamp, the high hill, the difficult wall, these they have crossed more than once.

For the automobile tire built with just two ideas dominating, long wear and elasticity, the real test is the rough road, with sharp stones and ruts.

For the human being, built and put into this world with a thousand ideas, the one great test, educator and prover is ADVERSITY.

Trying out an automobile tire is a complicated work. At the end of a long shaft the tire is placed on ball-bearings, with a heavy weight upon it. The shaft turns at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour—SPEED IN MOVING DOUBLES AND TREBLES THE WEAR.

Some tires are defective, travel a few miles, blow up, that is the end of them. Others go the full distance, mile after mile faithfully, over rough and smooth. Then THEY wear out, and go to the old rubber pile, as we go to the old graveyard.

But all the testing of the automobile tire is very simple compared with the testing of that more complicated apparatus, the human being.

The tire is tested for the strength of its visible hand-made PHYSICAL qualities.

YOU are tested not for the wearing qualities of your feet, the strength of your shoulders, the power of your lungs, the resistance of your nerves, or the expansion of your lungs, although these all count in the long run.

YOU are tried out over stones, swamps, hills and rough walls to find out the quality of something INVISIBLE, something that lives inside your mind.

There is one quality in you as you travel the round of life, driven by Old Time, like the tire in its test.

The quality in which you resemble the tire of rubber is ELASTICITY. With the tire elasticity is in the rubber. With YOU elasticity is in the mind.

You can crawl through the muddy bog of your own mistakes. You can climb the steep hills of misfortune. You can go down the other side and swim across the stagnant pond of reverses and hard luck, you can pick your way through the thick woods of illness, climb the steep wall of disappointment, and travel the long stretch of hard luck, if your spirit has that one great quality, ELASTICITY.

They say, "You cannot keep a good man down." That is not true, literally, for many men as good and better than others highly successful have gone to oblivion, beaten, failures. There is no doubt of that.

There are well-built tires that strike a sharp piece of glass, explode and are useful no more. That is not the fault of the tire. There are men well equipped that misfortune destroys. That is not their fault. Perhaps they have another chance on earth, as some believe; perhaps they are taken to a happy Eternal abode, where everything is smooth and trials are ended.

For the average human being, as for the average automobile tire, the real test of worth is the highway for the tire, and the road of life for the human.

The life journey that tests human material is not merely a trying out trip, as with the motor tire; it is also a race, and the great thing is to KEEP GOING. Just at this moment, young people that read this are approaching the swampy ground on the left of the picture at the bottom labeled "Mistakes." That swamp might well have been labeled "Summer Laziness." The warm weather, the inclination to do nothing, the thousand good excuses for NOT doing anything, are all coming along with June, July, and August.

Many men write to the editor of this newspaper that they discuss the Sunday cartoons and editorials with their sons. Among such fathers is included, for instance, Mr. Ole Hanson, the fighting mayor of Seattle.

When he was in the city a few days ago, he mentioned offhand a dozen of these Sunday editorials and cartoons, telling of the good effect that he believed they have in the country, not, of course, because of any merit within themselves, but because they stimulate thought and develop purpose in young men and women.

This particular cartoon is especially well adapted to discussion, a good picture for fathers and mothers to talk over with their children. You could say to the youngster that misfortune IS a steep hill. But as climbing hills in real life develops the muscles of the legs and back, so climbing hills in mental life develops strength of the mind.

Trying Out The Tires



The LITTLE Picture Shows You How Manufacturers Test Tires for Automobiles. The BIG Picture Shows Old Father Time Testing Human Beings, OUR Wearing Qualities. We Don't Like the Rough Places, Sharp Stones of Hard Luck, High Wall Disappointments, Quagmires of Mistakes, Steep Hills

of Misfortune, or Any of the Tests. But the Well Made Human Being, Like the Well

Made Automobile Tire, Takes the Road As It Comes, Travels the Distance, Proves the Possession of MILE-AGE for the Tire of Rubber, and COURAGE for the Human Being.

The Champion Aviator Acrobat



HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

Why is it that some of our best friends and some of the soldiers' best friends are evidently in earnest in their efforts to wipe out the Government employment agency?

Strange as it may appear, there is a strongly organized opposition to the United States Government continuing its employment agencies. Here in Washington, the local employment office, co-operating with the Board of Management and Marines, has placed thousands of returning fighters, free of all charge; and, what is highly creditable, has placed TWO soldiers from out of town for every ONE soldier whose home was here before the war.

One of the attacks on the Government employment agency was made last week by the Hon. Thomas L. Blanton of Texas, a member of Congress, who was successful in knocking out the employment agency item as it floated through the House on the tail end of an appropriation bill. I believe Mr. Blanton was just as serious about this attack as he was when he campaigned for Congress on a platform which included cutting out what he termed Congressional pink teas. He was the man, you remember, who declared he would force Congress to convene at 9 o'clock every day instead of noon.

Mr. Blanton believes that there are too many high-spirited officials connected with the employment bureau. I never heard of any Government official who had to carry his salary home in a wheelbarrow. The truth of the situation, as I see it, is that private employment agencies have spread up propaganda in the hope of a return to the old days of graft.

Asa Phillips Water Supply Plan.

We will have to have a greater supply of water for Washington sooner or later. Just what plan is to be adopted just now is impossible to predict but I want to congratulate ASA PHILLIPS, District Drainage Engineer on the plan handed to Engineer Commissioner KUTZ. Mr. Phillips is a genius at engineering, and whether or not his plan is put into effect it will serve

to keep the matter before the proper authorities.

Uncle Tom Butler and the Yeomen (I)

Can it be possible that my dear friend Tom Butler of Pennsylvania, known and loved throughout this fair land as "Uncle Tom" Butler, has forgotten his well known chivalry and has gone so far as to indicate his unwillingness to continue the battalion of yeomen (I) as an adjunct to the navy? Uncle Tom is the chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, a great man and a veteran naval legislator. No greater example of women's patriotism has been shown than by the women who enlisted in the navy and in the marine corps. Washington never saw a prettier sight, nor has it ever seen women more devoted to their country. Dear Uncle Tom, I pray that you will not lay your heavy hand upon the battalion and wipe it utterly from the face of the earth. We like these yeomen (I) and want to see the battalion perpetuated.

A Professor of English from Illinois.

The other day my friend, THOMAS CARTER, who is helping the Government straighten some statistics down on 19th and D streets, N. W., was handing me some road maps called the seventeenth year locust.

Here is the tale exactly as he sounded it off to me:

"Hey! Leatherneck, do you know that in my home town, down in Girard, Ill., one year the locusts were so thick you couldn't see a square inch on the sidewalks, that wasn't covered with a locust. The sidewalks were so full of 'em that if you tried to walk you would slip all over yourself."

"One day the banker of our town slipped on one of these birds and broke his arm. It got so bad you had to walk out in the streets, until one day a few people were run down, so they decided to build a boardwalk through the town. Yes sir! That's how thick they were in my home town. I'll say those birds were pretty thick down there."

JACK CURLEY.

HERE AND THERE

Who remembers who made famous that grand old song "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow?"

And "Ta ra ra boom de day?" Who sang that?

Add to successfully succeeding in getting by the copy desk, the New York Tribune's "President Wilson's Fourteen Points."

No one has mentioned it yet, so I may say that The Times staff went to its annual dinner at the Emerson Hotel in Baltimore last week. Just like a lot of writers to frequent a hotel with a literary name like that.

JESS SUTER tells me that fish are selling cheap as dirt down the river and surmises there is no real reason for high prices in this city.

Seems to me the District building promised us some cheap fish a while back.

M. J. reports a cat in the alley between Church, Q. 14th and 15th streets.

I get an S O S from a former soldier who says CAP TOM KIRBY has the wrong slant on that bronze guidon which he claims is floating the wrong way on the Grant Memorial.

"If Kirby will notice the horses," says this correspondent, "he will see the artillery outfit has come to an

abrupt halt and that the wind has carried the guidon forward most naturally."

A correspondent signing "FEO-WOMAN" puts the lack of park benches up to the District Commissioners. That is not right. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have nothing to do with the parks. They are United States property, and are administered by the engineer officer in charge of Public Buildings and Grounds. I wish he'd get us some park benches.

ROY VERNON tells me he likes his little pink house on the hillside.

ROSS ANDREWS, MARK SMITH, JOE ROBINSON, and SOUTH TRIMBLE are fishing for bass.

At the Business High School 1,500 pupils and alumni gathered to honor the boys who went to war either from the school or from the ranks of the alumni.

Of the 556 who went to war only nineteen were not present at the meeting—and those who were missing were those who died in uniform. That's a wonderfully interesting piece of news. It shows the spirit of the Business High School.

Granny Hunt's back again.

I see by the paper that JIMMIE MACALLISTER is starting a geranium farm. Interesting, to say the least.

From the Editor's Mail

J. A. says: "I wouldn't mind paying 2 cents for a transfer if the street car companies would sell six tickets for 25 cents again, each ticket to be good for one fare. Everything that is bought and sold for money, except rides on the street cars and Government work, has advanced in price from 50 to 100 per cent. Then why not let the street car companies have a 'finger in the pie'?"

Found A disabled carrier pigeon with a band on one foot with (5118) printed on it and a plain brass ring on the other foot. Owner can have same by calling JOSEPH DECKELMAN, 9 Baltimore St., Hyattsville, Md.

Call the Streets After you get through with the Sal drive and finally get the dead cat to its last resting place, why not start a little movement all your own, insisting upon the street car companies have their conductors call the streets? Do you know of any other city where street car conductors never call the streets? Perhaps I shouldn't say "never," for there are probably one in every hundred conductors in this city who do this. Washington is a mecca for tourists and this feature of the city will always be, becoming, I believe, more and more so. A stranger asks you to direct him to a certain point; you do so, telling him just what car to take and where to get off; that's the easy part, for the cars are very plainly and simply marked, but poor Mr. Stranger gets on the right car, expects to hear the street you told him to get off at

called in ample time for him to push the button and get off, but never a word does he hear pertaining to this particular street unless he asks some other passenger where he is or can manage to keep track of his whereabouts by watching the street signs. It's easy enough for a native or one who has been in the city for some time to grope his way around, knowing that he will get no voluntary information as to his whereabouts, but the percentage of floating and tourist population here is very high and these people should be taken care of. Don't you think this is a fairly good suggestion? Then, after we get this matter in working order, we can take another crack at the "aisle hogs" who won't move up front and block the way so others can't get by them. Eh? NORTHEAST.

Your paper has devoted a good deal of space to "Dead Cats" on the streets of Washington. Now, what about the dogs that are killed by the automobile drivers, who pay no attention to these dumb beasts, since permission has been granted them to dash up and down the streets between intersections. Walking to work the other morning, I saw one of the cars used by a local market run down a dog, killing it. What's to be said about this? A READER. That dead cat has reached Thomas Circle. Have you seen it?

A war worker who is sore at the idea of any kind of regulation which will put up food prices tells me he was charged twenty cents for an ordinary hot dog sandwich at a so-called "popular" luncheon Saturne day.

LET THE WEDDING BELLS RING OUT

JEAN KNOTT.

